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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

AUGUST 8, 1980

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Fifty years on...

The TLS of August 7, 1930, reviewed a biography of Henry Green, *The Witches of Wall Street*, by Joyden Sparkes and Samuel Taylor Moore. It is seldom that a book appeals equally to the financier, the psychologist, the moralist and the general reader; but this fourfold attraction will certainly be exercised by the biography of Henry Green. If she had been remarkable for nothing else, her conspicuous success as an investor would have been enough to claim the attention of everyone who is interested in Stock Exchange transactions. Her acquaintance with such matters began when, as a small child in the home of a New Bedford whaler, she used to read aloud to her grandfather, whose ship was failing, the financial news in the daily paper.

While still a young woman, she inherited a large fortune, which she had the skill to use as the nucleus of even greater wealth. She let no opportunity pass that could be turned to profitable account. For example, she spent her early period of her married life in England and

ing of young children, she made more than \$1,250,000 through judicious purchases of United States gold bonds. Returning to America at about the time of the panic of 1873, she rescued a bountiful harvest from other people's misfortunes, buying on a large scale when the market price of shares and bonds had touched bottom. Henry Green's biographers seem to be justified in their remark that no other woman has ever been so successful in the management of a fortune. The net result of her uncanny financial ability was that between 1885 and 1916—the year of her death at the age of eighty-one—her wealth had grown from \$250,000 to more than \$10,000,000.

So much for Henry Green as a financier. But if she was the richest woman in America, probably in the world—she was also far and away the meanest. Here her character, the universal material for a study about in the middle of the century, and on very cold days need not

moved from one cheap hotel or obscure lodging to another in order to avoid the tax collector. When she would wash her clothes in a bucket in her room, throw the bucket out of the window, and then to down stairs and spread it on the grass to dry, she would cudgel free advice from doctors and lawyers by engaging them in conversation in the street. When her son had an accident to his knee-cap she put on the dress and guise of a beggar and took him to a charity clinic. But to complete the portrait, it must be added that this personification of stinginess was totally unselfish in matters where money was not concerned. In a boarding house she would carry the tray of soiled dishes from her room down to the kitchen to save the stairs. A bank porter with a cold, or a sick child of a neighbour, or a hack driver with a cough could be sure of her sympathy and her active help as long as that help

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The army of the peacemakers

By Kenneth O. Morgan

MARTIN CEADEL: *Pacifism in Britain, 1914-1945: the Defining of a Faith* 320p. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £12.50. 0 19 821892 6

The road of the pacifist has been a rocky one in this dismal century. From Agadir to Afghanistan, the pacemaker has usually been cursed rather than blessed. In Britain during the present century, the pacifists have offered the simplest of targets for derision by the "realist". They can easily be depicted as a miscellaneous, sectarian group of Utopian fanatics. George Orwell's caricature of the typical left socialist could be equally applied to the archetypal pacifist as well—a prim little man, usually a secret testotaller and often with vegetarian leanings, with a history of nonconformity behind him, and above all with an intense, even anarchistic, rebellion, frequently prone to incorrigible minority-mindedness, provides a major theme in our political and intellectual history. In the isolationist aftermath of the First World War, in continuing popular response to the rise of the European dictators, above all in providing an important ingredient in the concept of "appeasement", the British pacifists from the No-Conscription Fellowship in 1914 to the Peace Pledge Union in 1936, were an influential element in politics. Indeed, *ex post facto* rationalization by politicians and journalists since 1939 has led to a serious underestimation of the extent and impact of British pacifism, in its various guises, in the inter-war years. An episode, trivial in itself, like the Oxford Union's "King and Country" motion in 1933, had powerful effect, not least for its clear pacifist, rather than internationalist, overtones.

A detailed study of this crucially important theme has long been needed. It has been provided in *Pacifism in Britain, 1914-1945* by Martin Ceadel's new monograph. It is lucidly written and amply documented, including the full use of interviews: recourse to the sources is much aided by the footnotes having been printed in the proper places. Ceadel offers both an excellent typology of a radical movement and a precise record of the evolution of an idea and a faith. It is, indeed, a most searching and invigorating first book by a young scholar, one who, whilst he appears to have put on his subsequent work on broader attitudes towards war and peace beyond the relatively narrow confines of the pacifist movement. He portrays an entertaining gallery of eccentrics, treated coolly if never cynically—Allen and Lansbury, Russell and Einstein, Aylett and Joad, A. A. Milne and Storm Jameson, Beverley Nichols and Vera Brittain, Aldous Huxley and Middleton Murry, Dick Sheppard and Max Flowman. He also provides a valuable compendium of the wide range of anti-war movements, religious, political or humanitarian, which punctuated the course of British public life from 1914 onwards. But this is far more than a collection of fragments or a bundle of sensations. It lays bare the essence of a powerful, if many-sided, tradition, one that helped shape political assumptions in crucial respects during the 1920s and 1930s, and one whose message is still far from irrelevant in the age of the Cruise missile and the Trident. In more ways than one, this is indeed a necessary book.

Pacifism in Britain is essentially the study of an idea, rather than a political history. Dr Ceadel is primarily engaged in defining the quality of pacifism as an ideology, and tracing its evolution in the face of national and international realities from 1914 to 1945. It is not a study of "peace" movements in general, or of attitudes towards

of an idea. The 1914-18 war gave pacifism a new institutional base, especially with the shock impact of universal male conscription in 1916. It merged into the new Liberal-Labour critique which rejected the war and the peace settlements that followed. At this time pacifism was essentially non-political. When one religious quietist, George Lansbury, was actively elected to parliament as Christian Pacifist member for the University of Wales in 1923, he found the practical choices that he confronted as an MP far too taxing for his conscience. (It may be added that he had to make a further compromise, since he actually took the Labour whip in the House even though he had campaigned previously as a supra-party Independent.) While pacifism clung on in the 1920s primarily in such limited groups as the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Quakers, it survived as a basis for the new quest for world order in the international crises of the early 1930s. The advent of Hitler, far from encouraging progress for reason, actually stimulated a ground swell in favour of a moral rejection of war. For a time its leading propaganda was Dr C. E. M. Joad, a poor man's Bertrand Russell, whose intellectual gyrations have never been exposed more effectively.

The pacifist movement was, now far too strong to disappear; the impact of Dick Sheppard's messianic leadership gave it an impetus it had long required. The very ineffectiveness of the League of Nations in the Abyssinian and other crises encouraged faith in a more personal, perhaps even a more radical, form of pacifism. Halfway houses, like the idea of an international supervisory police force or Richard Cragg's Gandhi-like doctrine of non-violent resistance, were rejected in the face of Sheppard's public appeal. The Peace Pledge Union, formed in 1936—a distinctly practical, if by no means doctrinaire, movement—was the most influential anti-war movement of its time. It commanded the allegiance of writers such as Middleton Murry, Vera Brittain and Rose Macaulay, and of religious leaders like Canon David and Lord Wedderburn. Necessarily, largely middle-class in composition, mainly academics, clergymen, writers and others with professional independence, it had a broad appeal. It won over talented young men as well as older figures. Henry Polling and T. Dan Smith, even if some less agreeable figures were brought in, antismites and proto-fascists like the Duke of Bedford, the PPU added depth and passion to the popular appeal—Christian pacifism suffered from endless exegesis of the Bible's message about killing and war. Christians were divided, too, over whether war was in fact the ultimate moral degradation to afflict mankind, and over the extent to which the League of Nations, in the realm of Coe and God. Again, Christian pacifism based itself on the "immanent" rather than the transcendental view of God, one that presupposed the secular world. This was a theological position that became increasingly untenable in the wake of the writings of Barth and Niebuhr in the later 1930s.

Socialist pacifism, for its part, always tended to merge into collaboration with the wider labour movement. Peace became a lesser priority than the fight against the fragments of the League of Nations. It was largely killed socialist pacifism. Bertrand Russell himself noted how often "in meetings nominally opposed to all war, the threat of violent revolution was applauded to the echo". Humanitarian pacifism, again, an invention of the First World War, was always plagued by fears about isolationism and was inclined to merge into political attempts to create a new world war. Long before 1945, in fact, the internal contradictions of each strand of pacifism had largely been exposed. For many of its continuing adherents, like CND later, perhaps, pacifism had become more an expression of internal protest and the private rejection of conventional values than an idea compelling and convincing in its own right.

Neither of these survived as a particularly influential movement. Rather, it was "pacifism" which was the main beneficiary of the revolution against war after 1919. Even an anti-war post like *Sassoon* was essentially "pacifist" rather than a pacifist. But the distinctive pacifist tradition endured, both in religious movements like the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and in the essentially socialist No More War Movement. In the early 1930s, with the advent of Hitler, it looked as if British pacifism as an idea might disintegrate entirely. Some of its leading socialist adherents became revolutionary or anarchist. Other pacifist figures, such as the internationalist "pacifism" of the League of Nations Union and endorsed economic sanctions. Then pacifism was given an enormous stimulus in the mid and later 1930s by the personal commitment offered by Dick Sheppard and the Peace Pledge Union. It survived as a powerful force until the coming of war. Indeed, measured in terms of adherents, it recorded its zenith (136,000) in April 1940.

Even so, it is clear that pacifism in all its intellectual forms suffered from serious weaknesses and logical inconsistencies, despite (or perhaps because of) the fact that it attracted some of the outstanding minds of the day, Russell and Einstein included. Of the three main forms as defined by Ceadel—Christian, socialist and humanitarian—Christian pacifism suffered from endless exegesis of the Bible's message about killing and war. Christians were divided, too, over whether war was in fact the ultimate moral degradation to afflict mankind, and over the extent to which the League of Nations, in the realm of Coe and God. Again, Christian pacifism based itself on the "immanent" rather than the transcendental view of God, one that presupposed the secular world. This was a theological position that became increasingly untenable in the wake of the writings of Barth and Niebuhr in the later 1930s.

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pacifist, G.M.L. Davies, a saintly man who suffered for his faith in two world wars, ended his days as a voluntary patient in a north Wales mental hospital; finally, in 1949, he hanged himself. The impact of the pacifist conscience upon national, let alone international, events, had been slight indeed. Well might Hitler or Stalin—or, indeed, Churchill—ask how many divisions Dick Sheppard could summon up. It is all too easy to point out the limitations of the pacifist bodies of the 1914-45 period. Ceadel provides a rich catalogue of inconsistencies, half-truths or plain absurdities. *Peace News* could urge in 1930 that the cure for war was to establish universal nursery schools for all children aged two to seven. Max Flowman in 1936 could declare: "It is premature to have a policy: we can only desire peace." There were almost comic ideas like the Peace Army, destined for Shanghai, to place itself, like Lytton Strachey in his famous ambiguous reply, between the contending Japanese and Chinese troops. There were mad visions like Dick Sheppard's— "I dream that George Lansbury and I were playing tennis against Hitler and Mussolini. George had a game leg and I was asthmatic, but we won six-love." Many of the figures quoted here appear to have turned to pacifism as a result of unhappy marriages, ill-health or misfortune in their chosen professions. Aldous Huxley's pacifism arose from his efforts to combat insomnia and his search for a mystical union of all religious beliefs. Arthur Ponsonby linked pacifism with eccentric theories on the subjective nature of perception of the passing of time. Middleton Murry, in some ways the most exotic of all, turned to pacifism in part because he was the victim of husband-battering during the insane tempests of his ferocious third wife: "Since he would not fight his wife, he would not fight the fascists either," Ceadel remarks. Similarly, Murry's quest for peace negotiations with the Nazis in 1939 appears to have paralleled his personal diplomacy between his Anglican spouse and his latest mistress. No wonder Donald Spenser once described his fellow pacifists to the author as "an odd lot".

In short, pacifism can be explained away, on the analogy of Hofstadter's version of Populism or Progressivism or David Donald's of the Abolitionists in America, as the product of psychological and irrational factors, status insecurity, inner tension, sexual frustration and so on. But to be so dismissive would be totally unhelpful. Ceadel's account is careful to avoid that pitfall, though the unwary reader may not be. Politics in Britain in the inter-war period were not a detached exercise in logical positivism carried out in the hazy atmosphere of a university seminar. They were a matter of emotions, passions and values, set against a world in turmoil and almost unrecognisable in pre-1914 terms. One could compile an equally alarming list of foolish diagnoses from the apostles of Chamberlainite orthodoxy (Ceadel quotes one from Huxley and many more could be added to the list) from the followers of Churchill torn between patriotism and anti-Communism, from Lloyd George and from the equivocating leaders of the Labour Party. No group had a monopoly of wisdom or consistency in their "oughts"; none can take comfort from the aftermath.

In the end, the war that followed, culminating in the holocaust of Hiroshima, was nearer to fulfilling the lurid prophecies of the discredited pacifists. They were individual protesters or rebels, unguided by group activity. They were mostly a-cynical figures cast into a complex collaboratorist world. But the moral thrust of their faith in the triumph of "love over power", in Vera Brittain's words, is worthy of being "distilled" and examined afresh. To do this, *Peace News* (the daughter of a distinctly non-pacifist "troublemaker"), at the end of perhaps her best book, in which the melancholy story of thirty years of ineffectual religious and dynamic idealism is sketched, "They did not know that and have not since, that

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Fraud destroyed the letters he wrote to Fliess. But how could he have known this with such certainty? What Freud actually wrote to Marie Bonaparte (in a letter later quoted by Schur) was: "I don't know till this very day whether I destroyed them, or only hid them ingeniously." A statement like this might at least have given rise to the hope that the letters were still extant.

The Princess deposited the letters in the Danish Legation in Paris before the Occupation and they were eventually brought to Britain; so much importance was attached to them, according to legend, that they were wrapped in waterproof, buoyant material in case the ship carrying the precious cargo was sunk. Then, in 1930, Marie Bonaparte, Anna Freud, and Ernst Kris published a selection of the letters under the title, *The Origins of Psychoanalysis*. In their introduction they asserted that they contained "nothing sensational," an odd statement, which could not fail to arouse curiosity; especially when, according to Clark, from a total of 284 letters and drafts, only 168 were quoted, while of the 153 letters quoted, 119 were printed with cuts. According to the editors, "The selection was made on the principle of making public everything relating to the writer's scientific work, and scientific interest and everything bearing on the social and political conditions in which psychoanalysis originated; and everything of an abstruse or abstruse nature, publication of which would be inconsistent with professional personal confidence."

In 1972, Max Schur again aroused the ire of some of the Freudians by publishing further extracts from the correspondence which revealed Freud's misplaced loyalty to Fliess in the latter's crack-brained neurology and in his theory of the connection between mental disorders and sexual problems—a "ferrugineous non-sense," as Clark calls it. Most disturbing of all was the re-examination of Schur was able to give us of the "Ernst case." On the night of July 23-24, 1893, at Schloss Belle Vue, an ornate house on the outskirts of Vienna where Freud was holidaying, Freud dreamt what has become known as "the dream of Irma's infection." Jones critically remarks that it was a historical moment and that a tablet should be affixed to the wall. In an article in 1966, Schur, a man obviously in relentless pursuit of the truth, revealed that the dream analysed in *The Interpretation of Dreams* had a more realistic background than Freud indicated.

Freud had been treating "Irma" for hysteria in which her somatic symptoms were manifested through the nose and throat. He called upon the help of Fliess, who travelled from Berlin to operate on the turbinoids bone and on the sinuses. After Fliess's departure, "Irma" suffered a series of haemorrhages, and Freud was forced to call in another physician. It now appeared that Fliess had made a mistake of gauze in the wound. Fliess, completely exonerated, "Of course no one blames you at all, and why should they?" Three weeks later, when "Irma" at last seemed to be recovering, Freud assured his friend that, "You will find, you will always remain the best, the kind of man into whose hands a man-trustingly places his life and the lives of his family." Clark shows remarkable restraint in his commentary on the disturbing experience: "By the time Freud wrote *The Interpretation of Dreams*, he had realized that the specimen dream was linked with the exculpation of Fliess rather than himself. If so, his interpretation has a deliberately granted gap of Grand Canyon proportions. It is not the choice of the Irma dream as a reliable specimen of dream interpretation appears unfortunate."

This incident occurred during the year of the birth of Freud's last child. The following year his father Jacob died, and Fliess he wrote: "It all happened in my critical period, and I am really down over it." According to Freud himself sexual relations with his wife ceased by 1897. And—most important for Jung—Freud's "critical period" was involved in his momentous self-analysis. He went to his mother on several occasions to confirm events in his early childhood, and Clark is understandably sceptical of such an unreliable mode of procedure. For example, in 1889 the Freud family moved from Freiberg to Vienna and Freud now chose to believe that this was the last occasion on which he saw his mother naked while travelling

by train to his new home. A screen memory, surely; and Clark speculates that the child could not have been oblivious to other intimate scenes in the cramped quarters in which the family lived in Freiberg.

There is another curious omission from *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Jacob Freud's first wife was Sally Kanner, mother of Emanuel and Philipp. But in the 1960s another woman, Rebecca, described as Jacob Freud's wife, was disinterred from the Freiberg records. There appears to be no record of the death of Sally Kanner or of Rebecca, and one can only assume that they died before Jacob's marriage to Freud's mother, Annie Nathanson, in 1855. Freud never mentioned Rebecca, but surely he was aware of her existence? To what degree did he repress unpalatable material from *The Interpretation of Dreams*? I agree with Henri Ellenberger's suggestion that *The Interpretation of Dreams* deserves a new translation.

First, because the text has undergone many changes, additions, and subtractions from one edition to another, so that the edition now available is rather different in shape and content from the original. Second, the book was difficult to translate, and many nuances of the original escape in the best translation. The only way to gain a real knowledge of its contents is to read the original German edition, which, unfortunately, is very scarce. Third, *The Interpretation of Dreams* is filled with allusions to events and customs that were familiar to the contemporary reader, but are nearly incomprehensible today without a commentary.

If, as Ellenberger suggests, *The Interpretation of Dreams* requires a translator deeply conversant in German, surely the same holds true of the Fliess letters when they are eventually published? And, even when the Fliess correspondence is opened to us, it seems to me that further questions will have to be asked: why did Freud display cardiac symptoms during this period? Why were his feelings towards Fliess so intense? And why could Fliess not disengage him from excessive smoking? I am interested in Clark's conviction that the inference that the Freud-Fliess relationship had homosexual undertones is "a red herring."

Clark traces the early troubled days of the psychoanalytic movement with judicious detachment. He does not intend to involve himself clearly as it is possible to do without condescension or simplification. Wisely he leaves extended discussion of the case-histories to the clinicians. Occasionally—much to the chagrin of the reader—he drops the role of detached recorder and gives vent to some justifiable exasperation. He would agree with Jung that Freud was "not a connoisseur of men." Wilhelm Stekel, the Viennese general practitioner, who was one of the first members of the Wednesday Society, once announced: "I was the apostle of Freud who was my Christ!" In quoting this outrageous statement, Clark feels no comment is necessary, yet Stekel's gaudiness followed his later apostasy, became so irritating that Freud finally felt impelled to describe him as "the sloppy generalizer."

As for Jung, the most important of the detractors, Clark does not attempt to hide his suspicion of his early or of his envy of Freud's leadership. Nevertheless, he could not be more fair than in his summary of the final break between Jung and Freud:

For his part, Jung showed no reluctance to play the role laid down for him by Freud. Indeed, at times he gave the impression that it was no more than his due. Yet despite the bonds that linked these two decent men, each devoted to what was basically the same cause, forces were moving them apart and preparing to turn them towards each other on a collision course. The ostensible reason was to be Jung's reinterpretation of Freud's beliefs and, in particular, his devaluation of the importance which Freud had always given to sexuality. The real cause was more than a mere difference of opinion or a question of a theme that could be argued off with an abrogation of the shoulders; it made a conflict between the two men inevitable, and it almost certainly meant that the psychoanalytic movement would split yet again. Nevertheless the break would have been less bitter if Jung had not been for

Freud's role as commander in chief and his belief that if any changes in the governing body of the movement were to be ordered, they must be ordered by him. This was not all. Freud needed his Zürichers as troops to fight the battle for psychoanalysis; but he frequently regarded them as leeches, and the price did not escape them. In addition, there was the question of race. He had noted a touch of prejudice in Jung's make-up, and almost as soon had begun to see in him the Gentile superiority that had ruled him since his school days.

Clark is particularly interesting in his discussion of the influence of psychoanalysis on biography. In a letter to Jung, Freud wrote that psychoanalysis must "conquer the whole field of mythology." We must take hold of biography, "there was an element of megalomania in Freud, which was fortunately held in check by his basic common sense. He wrote some interesting speculative essays on Leonardo, Moses, and, most disastrous of all, an analysis of Woodrow Wilson, written in collaboration with William Bullitt. One cannot help agreeing with Havelock Ellis that "It would be fantastic to find any trace of science in . . . these delightful essays, and yet they are typically Freudian." But they have encouraged Freud's detractors to throw out the baby with the bath water; and one agrees, too, with Barbara Tuchman that as an instrument of illumination in historical reconstruction, psychoanalysis can be extremely helpful, but "let it for God's sake be applied by a responsible historian."

Clark displays a somewhat pragmatic philistinism when he ventures into the field of art: Speculation on the motives which drove on the great characters of fiction and drama does make an interesting intellectual party game; but it should be remembered that Sterne created and directed his characters for purposes of plot, and that Shakespeare directed his to keep an audience on edge until curtain-fall.

This surely indicates a very narrow view of the creative process. Many of Freud's devoted followers have been disturbed by a note of pessimism which seemed to sink into the blackest despair towards humanity during his last years. René Laforgue recorded a conversation he had with Freud in 1927 about *The Future of an Illusion*:

"This is my worst book!" he said. "It isn't a book of Freud." Can you imagine my utter surprise! How I protested! He continued talking and I was an old man. Well, I nearly fainted. He added, laying stress on each word, "Besides, Freud is dead now, and believe me, the genuine Freud was really a great man. I am particularly sorry that you did not know him." "But, Herr Professor, what makes you say that?" So he answered, "Die Durchschlagskraft ist verloren gegangen." (The drive has gone). Clark comments that "Freud's reaction was probably due to the battle with the cathexis as much as to anything else. Underneath, he is right. In 1923 Freud's cancer of the jaw was detected. During the next sixteen years he underwent over thirty operations, and although he was forced to wear a painful support, he continued to smoke his beloved cigars despite his full knowledge that they exacerbated his condition. It was a difficult time for him in every respect: loved ones were dying; old comrades were falling away; and the political situation in central Europe was becoming dangerously disturbing. In 1935, as the Nazi Party was rising to prominence, Freud speculated on the struggle between the cultural development of the human species and its destructive impulses. Initially he had written that it was to be expected that the human species would be "two 'Heavenly Powers', eternal Eros, will make an effort to assert himself in the struggle with his equally immortal adversary." As the menace appeared more imminent, he added the words: "But I foresee with what success and with what result?"

Mr Clark sees this last period as one in which a courageous old veteran battled on valiantly against pain and a world that was being engulfed by storm clouds. No one can dispute this, but I should like to suggest that there is another line of investigation that might be pursued. In the autumn of 1917 Freud



Freud about to make his only flight: Berlin, 1930.

received a letter from George Groddeck, a doctor working in a Baden-Baden military hospital. Groddeck, who had long been an admirer of Freud, informed him that he was treating a patient by whom he regarded as psychoanalytic methods, but was reluctant to label himself a psychoanalyst. Groddeck explained that he had reached his views not through studying the neuroses, but by a close observation of organic complaints. Freud, greatly impressed by Groddeck's originality of mind, had replied cordially. However, at the Hague Congress of 1920 Groddeck antagonized a number of the old stalwarts, especially Ernest Jones, by describing himself as a "wild analyst," by which those present took him to mean that he was totally unqualified. What he meant to suggest was that he was venturing into unexplored territory with his growing conviction that there was a close correlation between emotional disturbance and organic manifestations. A genetic psychoanalysis, say, could be triggered by sexual trauma. Susan Sontag has touched upon the implications of this theory in *Illness as Metaphor*. The exchange between Freud and Groddeck can be traced in Groddeck's book *The Meaning of Illness* (1977). In 1923 (the year in which, it must be remembered, Freud first showed signs of cancer), Groddeck wrote to him: "I have the impression that the former remains in the region of the so-called psyche, at least for the time being, and can perhaps ruin a number of ploughs without producing a big harvest. In other words, the plough considers the farmer a little obtuse." A year later Groddeck again wrote to him: "My wife believes, and I share of her view, that there might be an access to the deeper layers of the unconscious which might perhaps lead to the curative layers of your being." Freud never answered the question, but expressed unease that Groddeck was pursuing the inquiry that deviated from the paths of orthodoxy.

The basis of Freud's clinical approach was that hysterical symptoms were generally the result of sexual malfunctioning. Might it not be conceivable that some organic disorder would have the same origin? What about Freud's own cancer? Surely he could not simply dismiss Groddeck's theory

out of hand; but it is possible that he forced him to look into a field from which he shudderingly recoiled? After all, he had played unusual courage in looking into the depths of his own mind during his self-analysis. At the time, did he recognize a truth in Groddeck's insistent plea, and yet reject it because, I venture to suggest, he recognized the origin of his own malady?

In this skillfully organized book, Clark blocs a out great masses of material with confident, professional ease. He tends to think that Freud was too quick to make wide generalizations from his own basicly puritan streak in Freud. Repeatedly he prefers a common-sense explanation to more esoteric legend. According to "the Wolf Man," Freud told him that he had begun sitting behind his patients because one day an ardent young woman tried to seduce him. Clark's explanation is far less exciting: "However powerful the [listening] analyst might be, his attitude and his reaction to the disclosure of his patient might face-to-face, well be noted, and might quite as easily as much depend on him." It is clear that Clark believes that Freud tended to make life too complicated.

Psychoanalysis will never be fully accepted in England, the country Freud loved and the one he called his ultimate exile. The Freudians, who at first accepted Freud's theory, are now in disarray. In France psychoanalysis is alive, turbulent, chic, and deflected into numberless hostile camps. Jacques Lacan, at Ecole Océanographique on June 10, made the dramatic announcement that he was dissociating himself from institutional psychoanalysis—even from himself—because of the proliferation of the mal entendu. The mal entendu can be interpreted as benign, yet misguided conception of the meaning of psychoanalysis. The greatest harm that has been done in the movement is the effort to institutionalize it into a religion of Papal Infallibility. Such a Church cannot rotate its tenets unless its tenets are constantly questioned, and perhaps the first step to be scrutinized is the Divine Right of Kings.

Deformations of an infernal form

By Pat Rogers

PAUL H. FRY:
The Poet's Calling in the English Ode
328pp. Yale University Press. £11.65.
0 300 02400 2.

The ode, for Paul Fry, is a machine for agonizing in. Poets, or rather texts, avail themselves of the form in order to define their own mission and that of their predecessors. "I have meant to suggest, both first and last," the author writes late on, "that the ode is an infernal genre, struggling to escape the hell of the psyche." First and last, that is what he has done. He has surveyed the world of the ode from Ben Jonson to the great romantics, with some brief concluding notes on the supreme dictation of late Stevens. Along the way, we witness a variety of "collapses of form" as a destructive demagogue inserts one spanner after another into the traditional machinery. According to Professor Fry, "In every ode of substance, an unstructuring or deformation occurs at the moment when form is most heroically overstrained." It comes as no surprise to learn that interpretation demands that "one must assay, a responsive overstrain of reading."

Fry argues that odes have a way of subverting themselves, and that in this respect they prefigure the general procedures of modernism. The texts are "frayed" consciously or unconsciously, by inherent pressures deriving from the psychodynamics of vocalization. It is to be a poet, what it is to be an ode, what it is to be a text. In this "vehicle of ontological and vocational doubt," even the greatest writers are seen to display complex purposes (yes, but *creatively*). Presence is invoked, but absence is evoked. Writing is an "unshaping power" which bypasses the conscious will; odes, however "public," their occasion may appear, turn out to be "personal and dissident."

Their textual strategies are all "in the service of some excluded factor that keeps returning uncannily, from within." Similarly, the stock properties of the genre (invocation, vow, mythic genealogy, etc.) all act in ways somehow outside the control or awareness of the ode-writer. The plotless "knowledge" of every ode is "the reduction of first and last things from transcendental explanations to the moments of sex and death, moments that are often one and the same."

These and a great many other general propositions about the form emerge during the course of prolonged discussion. Ten chapters consider most of the famous ode forms: odes in English from the Renaissance to the high noon of Romanticism. Fry starts with Jonson and Drayton, devoting most attention to the former's poem on Lucius Cary. He then moves to Milton's Nativity hymn and Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, with a recap at this point on the state of the ode thus far. Then come Gray and Collins, as forlornly out of place in the abysses of intertextuality as ever they were in the tidy enclosures of literary history. We arrive at the heart of the matter with the Immortality Ode (which "celebrates forgetting"); Coleridge's "Dejection"; Shelley, especially the "West Wind"; and the great late ode, Mr. Fry seems most at home with Shelley, who can plausibly be discerned as "un-nerved" by Wordsworth and others, and whose "rhetoric of doubt" suits his overall case. The consummation is reached with the "Gracious Urn" which turns out to be a "hermeneutic lyric": that is, it "pronounces all art that is palpable, visible, or melodic to be trapped in its medium and cut off from any realm of signification beyond itself until it is supplied with the sort of hermeneutic commentary that appears in an ode."

The book is peppered with soundings and sometimes gnomic statements. "Repetition is what unlearns the genealogical knowledge of the ode, which creates a world and a god with every stroke of the pen, only in the same moment to absent these creations from the poet's field of vision." Again: "The sheer textuality of the ode, its recombination of alien generic structures as the diemonic trapes of lyric metaphor, yields a skepticism about the contentments of form that belies both occasion and vocation." Or again: "The ode is not an infinitely extensible sentence but an irregular rondure, a parody of the full circle, broken and finite or infinite only along its faults." On Keats: "the nature of an origin, whether sexual or asexual, is never the most crucial source of anxiety for a presentational poet; what troubles him most is that he cannot consider of it directly by the ordinary intuition that his compulsively contrary discourse must always defer." The argument of the "Nightingale" ode is supplied by an "alienated anti-hero," seeking to "conceal a queer self, nightingale-like and ridiculous as a daemon, psychopomp of descent."

Fry's method is at its most extreme in the chapter on Collins. Much of this I cannot understand, even where the separate propositions are, barely, comprehensible: the invocations of Collins take the middle course between the protean naturalization that would eventually characterize the Romantic ode and a more hymnic monothecism, uneasily blending elements of both these mutually distinct psychological and ideological stances. (Continuity they be distinct other than "mutually"? The "Ode to Evening" earns the comment: "In this ode, the persistence of the erotic becomes a haunting." But "what can a text see? Neither clarity nor incest." Perhaps the difficulty lies in false generic distinctions.)

It is at this level that I would expect demonic laughter to overtake each kind from opposite directions. The elegy laughs for the grinning and inscrutable dead who refuse recovery. The ode is haunted by the difficulty of its will by the death-like prefigurability of the movement from nothingness to origins that mocks any celebration of living orders. Possibly if one were to carry even

this distinction a step further, only one mode of self-betrayal would stand revealed in either kind. But then one would have arrived at a level of sheer textuality that makes of the concept "ode" in any guise a false denomination. Since I have chosen as my subject an experiment with vestigial shapes (making an ode of my own discourse), deliberately clinging to a kind of current Göttingertheorie assumes to be "merely formal." I am not prepared, for the moment, to take this last step.

Collins is a difficult poet in some ways. But this is *ignotum per ignotum*. At this time of day it is no doubt idle to worry over the algebra of abstractions which passes for critical prose, or to complain about the strange overstrain at which the autumnal leaves in Vellombrosa: mnenotechnics, texturation, pre-syntagmatic, autochthony, metastasis, and the rest. Such critical belatedness would be deemed a mode of anxiety occasioned by the poetry of these usages. But it is fair to ask why we are entitled to substitute "dialectic" for "irony," just because Kenneth Burke once suggested we might. This paradoxical merging of very different concepts can only aggravate the reader with regard to "dialectic": long a term that has been forced to carry more meanings than it can bear.

As the "re(com)pression" example shows, Fry likes playing with critical words. His exercises in false etymology have curious results at times, "erotic power" and "dissected" are all right. But it is another thing when the author proceeds to this, on the "Eton College" ode:

The notorious "chase the rolling circle's speed," or urge the flying ball," is overwrought to warn the reader that the distant speaker knows nothing of the reality that his phrasing betrays; he is as ignorant of cricket as he is the Latin language from which *urgo* is borrowed.

The excesses to which an approach through logomachy can lead are well illustrated by Fry's comment on Paolo and Francesca, that they "were damned for reading a page too closely." It is true that the lovers were inclined to blame the author of *Lancelot du Lac* for their fall—but this was mere pretext, not revelatory sub-text. They incurred their fate by acts other than close reading.

There are good ideas in this book: a tour of the Greek modes is suggested in *Alexander's Feast*; the author finds a phrase for the swiftness of Pindarism; he sees that "Wordsworth thought 'Tintern Abbey' was too good to be called an ode." There is, it will appear, abundant learning. The notes are full of the insights of recent critical history, sketched on the plains of Vale with expert messengers bringing confused tidings—*quae bella exhausta canebat!* What there is not a lot of is, first, tact; second, common sense; and third, intellectual humility.

ignorant of the form *urgo*: the verb is *urgeo*. Then again, Mr Fry will speak of "the chthonic Adam": despite the root meaning of *chthon*, the adjective in English has come to mean "relating to the underworld." The idea is presumably Adam's birth in the dust of the ground: in that case, it would be less misleading to go to the Latin kindred form, *humus*, and call Adam simply a human. Finally, the author wants to argue that Keats's spelling "eves" in the manuscript of "To Autumn" is revelatory. He states that "the OED allows 'ovos' as a variant spelling," but cites only one instance, from 1811: in fact the OED entry records spellings without the *a* from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century, and quotes an example of "eves" from Paphos, amongst other works. The older spelling survives in Johnson's *Dictionary* under "evesdropper." It has its roots in Old English and faces competition from "eves" only after 1600. Keats's form was neither a misspelling nor a creative pun, but a faintly obsolescent version.

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to the editor

Montague Summers

Sir,—Writing in your issue of July 25, your reviewer of Montague Summers' autobiography, *The Colours Show*, enters into the strange question of the ordination of Summers to the priesthood. When I recall Summers in Oxford, he certainly claimed to be a priest but it was equally certain that the priesthood was neither of the Catholic nor of the Anglican obedience. On one occasion, in 1932, I asked Bishop Herford whether or not he had ordained Summers. He asserted that he had done so and claimed that, for a while, Summers was one of his clergy. But he added that, owing to "information received", he had been forced to disown him and to remove him from the list. This conversation took place in the vesting room of the Oxford Union Society. It was all the more curious because Summers came in while we were talking. Both Bishop Herford and his former cleric studiously avoided each other. I have no knowledge of any further ordination of Summers whether *sub conditione* or otherwise. The Oxford of that date was full of strange stories about Montague Summers but most of them were probably no more than under-education and a little taste for the occult. I recall seeing a Papalist, Dr. S. H. Scott, rector of Oldbury, about Summers and he left me in no doubt that he was *mal vu* ecclesiastically speaking. The usual story was that his potential ordination to the priesthood at the hands of Dr. Amigo of Southwark was stopped on grounds of lack of vocation and that this was the reason for Summers leaving Womersley. It was usually said that the likelihood of the ordination came to the ears of the Anglican Bishop of Bristol who promptly communicated with the Catholic authorities.

With regard to Bishop Herford, I am unable to follow your reviewer in his estimate of the validity of Herford's episcopate. A basic trouble was that proper documentary evidence was lacking. A fact brought to my attention by a study of Ulick Vernon Herford in *Bishops at Large*, at the Lambeth Conference of 1920, the Anglicans refused to impute validity to Herford's orders and reordained in his clergy who joined them. I only know of one case of the reordination of an Herfordian priest by a Catholic bishop. It was that of Dr. Orchard in 1936. Papal assent was given to the lifting of the ban on anybody who had previously accepted "heretical" ordination. In order to validate some other ministerial status, this ban has only been lifted on this one occasion owing to the peculiar circumstances which had led the Presbyterian Diocese of Cork to irregularly ordain a priest in *Fructu et Pectore*. Orchard himself admitted that the step was a great concession. He was ordained *sub conditione* in 1936, by Cardinal Hinsley, in the chapel at Agincourt, Windsor, Westbury. This did not imply an acknowledgement of the validity of Herford's orders but merely the refusal by the Curia to pass any judgment upon them at that time. They were certainly not recognized at Rome and they were likewise disregarded in Eastern Christianity by the historic patriarchates.

AMPHLETT MCKLEWRIGHT,
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The Republic of Letters

Sir,—It is one of the curiosities of literary history that it seems to be very painful for literary critics, who constantly examine the relation of works of literature to literary periods, change, and history, to see themselves as part of history, as related to generations and groups, and to social institutions, like magazines and universities, and like both authors and institutions, subject to change and fading and obsolescence. In his review of my book, *The Republic of Letters: A History of the Idea*, in *Donoghue's*, Donoghue writes: "The idea of a Republic of Letters, as it is used by Thomas S. Kitchen upon

which I base my theory that the meaning of criticism is found in its historical importance, saying that 'Kitchen's concept of paradigm... does not apply to the history of literary theory' and that 'no theory of literature is ever ousted'." Since he does not discuss them, TLS readers may be interested to know a few of the theoretical issues raised in the book.

I argue that critics and critical movements are informed by paradigms or charters so distinct that critics do not argue with each other but ignore or abuse alternative positions, a habit demonstrated in Donoghue's review; that criticism does not objectively describe texts but projects values on them; that there are no transcendent standards of critical truth; that the pluralistic truths of criticism are socially determined by critical elites whose standards vary with their charters; that the standards of merit in criticism are historical originality and influence leading to eponymy and recognition. The argument between historicists and the various non-historical definitions of truth dates from the beginning of textual study and can be debated, but the historicist cannot be dismissed out of hand as Donoghue does here, *ignoratio elenchii*.

Mr. Donoghue also seriously misrepresents my opinion of the relation of criticism to the critic to his time when he says that for me "the worst misfortune is to be dated" and that good "critics would have no convictions, no beliefs, no religion, no politics". *Ad contra*, in my view the basic source of criticism is the formulation of such values into an ideology or critical charter which determines the nature of subsequent normal practical criticism, rewriting of tradition, and elaboration in literary theory (see pages 5, 41). I do say that it is an option for the reviewer to remain perpetually in touch with the new, the avant-garde (page 31), but that the more influential man of letters spends his career developing a charter and applying it in normal critical activities.

This, of course, has the consequence that critics soon become obsolete, because critical careers last longer (say thirty years) than the time it takes for new critical movements to arise (say ten years), and hence several groups of critics practising various methods exist at any given time, now including philologists, Formalists, Marxists, myth critics, Structuralists, hermeneutic critics, Deconstructionist critics, and many others. Though each group and individual (like Donoghue) feels that the truth is in his exclusive possession, no view is privileged. In current literary society, Donoghue is mistaken in his opinion that announcing the death of formalism (or "New Criticism") is "promissory". Though there are a number of aging Formalists about doing their kind of normal criticism, were he to examine the major critical books of the past twenty years, Susan Sontag's *Against Interpretation*, Jonathan Culler's *Structuralist Poetics*, and Edward Said's *Beginnings*, for example, or were he to read in important contemporary journals like *New Literary History*, *Diacritics*, *Boundary 2*, *Substance*, he would find only passing mention of Formalism or other theoretical concerns. Criticism, of course, may move in a different pace in Ireland, or England, exhibit less discontinuity, be less influenced by theory, and be responsive to different social forces.

Donoghue also finds it objectionable ("insolent") that I should make negative judgments about critics' substance or style, even though critics are always saying the most dreadful things about poets and novelists. He quotes several examples: that Blackmur is "a rational voice better than our time deserves"; that Eliot's "humor, indignity, authority" are increasingly evident; that Howe is a "flaccid literary journalist"; that Willson is "our gold standard for journalistic criticism"; and so on. My little fun with the prose style of one of Howells' pumped-up personifications fits for some reason into the excellent company of Robert Lowell, who chided Howells for the

same sentence in "The New York Intellectuals" in *Life Studies*. As to the rhetorically most prominent aspect of the review, the sprinkling of hostile adjectives and unsupported slurs throughout, like rotten plums in a pudding, I will say nothing except that such reviewing reflects more on Mr. Donoghue's manners and sense of civility than on the book under review.

GRANT WEBSTER,
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Le prof dans le pif

Sir,—I am sorry that Christopher Busby (TLS, July 25) should be so put out by my occasional two-in, but, since the paper re-emerged—appearances in the TLS, and I am surprised by his definition of a *case-pied* as someone who lives in a "seedy back alley" (I should point out that Robert Laget moved some years ago from the passage Pecqueur to the rue des Archives, which may or may not be seedy, but is not a back alley. *Pue du cul* does not date from *Pan* qu'on me was already doing fine in the 1970s, among *case-pieds* living in seedy back alleys. I wish one could imagine some French academic "rubbing on... about side streets" in *Dixie*. He has a point there. For a far more English people interested in French slang, whether of the 1940s or of the present *tonner* variety, than there are French people interested in English slang. For that matter, there are far more English historians of French history than there are

French historians of English history. I do not know how to explain this; but this is a fact. As Mr. Busby is so proficient in the slang of both Paris and Dalton, perhaps he will lend a hand when M. Laget's *case-pieds* reminiscences are translated into English and published in this country?

RICHARD COBB,
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Samuel Beckett

Sir,—I was interested to read Bernard Cazab's letter (July 25) on Samuel Beckett's apparent self-mistranslation in *Company*. There are other examples in Beckett's work of this kind of inadequacy. In the English version of *Molloy*, for example—translated by Beckett in collaboration with Patrick Bowles—Molloy meets a shepherd and tells us "a fine rain begins to fall, as from a rose, highly important". The English reader would probably not guess that the rose referred to is actually a "pomme d'arrosoir", the rose of a watering-can, and would almost certainly fail to see the "high importance" of this detail—unless, of course, he knew the French version of the text and was able to pick up the joky echo in Moran's account, later in the book, of his meeting with a shepherd, which he describes as raining slowly, "fauling the fall of dew—'santant, tombant la rosée'".

M. Cazab is anxious to acquit Beckett of sloppiness; but there are enough examples of this kind of deliberate flaw, allowing "leakage" between the French and English versions of Beckett's work, to suggest that he is exploiting his ambiguous condition as a writer in two

languages to highlight his sense of the inherent futility of language itself.

STEVEN CONNOR,
Department of English, Birkbeck College, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HX.

Geoffrey Phibbs

Sir,—I found Julian Symonds' review of Geoffrey Phibbs' *Laurel King's Pursuit of Truth* (July 18) most interesting. His statement, however, that *It Was He Jones* was Phibbs's only collected poems is not correct. Phibbs' Press published *Withering of the Fig Leaf* (under Phibbs's own name) in 1927, the year before publication of *It Was He Jones*.

I've recently seen a copy of *Withering of the Fig Leaf* which was loosely inserted a review by Phibbs's rather forbidding portrait. It is a description by D. M. Lopes, depicting her as she was before the heavy burdens of her short reign descended; and it reflects the poet's own view of her own husband. In short, she should, under the trappings of monarchy, be a well-conditioned and popular cypher.

J. HOWARD WOOLMIZE,
J. Howard Woolmize Rere, Revere, Pennsylvania 1893.

Francis Quarles

Sir,—In his review of my *Francis Quarles* (TLS, May 23) Christopher Hill attributes to me the statement that there was a forty-year conflict between Crown and Parliament. I actually spoke of a conflict "in the early forties" (page 267) and my criticism based on this misreading is therefore unjustified. I am, however, most grateful to you for pointing out this error.

Department of English, University of Erlangen-Nürnberg, 8520 Erlangen.

Among this week's contributors

ROSEMARY ASHTON's *The German Idea: Four English Writers and the Reception of German Thought 1800-1860* was published earlier this year.

T. J. BRYAN is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.

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NOBLE FRANKLAND is the Director of the Imperial War Museum. His books include *Bomber Offensive: the Devastation of Europe*, 1970.

PHYLLIS GRONSKURTH's biography of Hansel Eliis was published earlier this year.

LESLIE HALLIWEAR's seventh edition of *Longman's Companion* was published last month.

JOHN HUNTERFIELD is a Senior Research Associate at the Huntington Library, California. His books include *The Illusion of Power in Tudor Politics*, 1980.

C. A. JOHNSON is Senior Lecturer in Russian at the University of Leeds.

MARY R. LEFKOWITZ is the author of *The Victory Ode: An Introduction to Greek and Roman Epics*, 1977.

PETER LEWIS is lecturer in English at the University of Durham.

KENNETH O. MORGAN's books include *Consensus and Dissent: The Lloyd George Coalition 1918-1922*, 1979, and (with Jane Morgan) *Portrait of a Progressive*, 1980.

RONALD PICKVANCE is Professor of Fine Arts at the University of Glasgow.

A. M. REWERT was Diplomatic Correspondent of *The Times* from 1952 until 1974.

CHARLES HASLER is the author of *The Way of the Preacher*, 1979.

SIR ANTHONY WAGNER is the Clarenceau King of Arms and Director of the Herald's Museum at the Tower of London.

M. L. WEST is Professor of Greek at Bedford College, University of London. His books include *Early Greek Philosophy and the Orient*, 1970, and *Collected Essays*, 1978.

PHILIP ZIMMERMAN's books include *William IV, 1771, Marlborough, 1784, and Crown and People*, 1978.

Author, Author

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office no later than Friday, August 28. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that, the most nearly correct—in which case the spirited guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, P.O. Box 7, New Printing House Square, Grafton Way, London WC1X 8EZ, and marked "Author, Author" on the envelope. The solution and result will appear in our issue of September 5.

Competition No 32

1. Work and pray.
Live on hay.
You'll eat ale
In the sky.
When you die.

2. What's in the Times?—a scold.
At the Emperor's deep and cold.
His tale, a bride
To his grave, a bride
That's as fair as himself is bold.

3. There they sit armed-stole,
And she powders her hair
With gold.
—Robert Browning, "A Lover's Quarrel"

4. I learnt my complement of
classic Greek
(Kept pure of English)
And German also, since she
liked a range
of liberal education.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, *Aurora Leigh*

5. There's a Me Sister down at
Cambridge,
Where my works, com' notes
variorum
Are talked about. Well,
require this same beauty
That Kipling took toll of
—J. K. Stephen, "Sincere Flattery of K.B." (a parody of Robert Browning).

BRITISH HISTORY

More blighted than bloody

By Joel Hurstfield

M. LOADES:
The Reign of Mary Tudor
160 pp. Benn. £12.95.
510 00057 6

She enjoyed dancing and hunting; played bowls and cards; and gambled modestly on both; and was diligent with her needle. Only on clothing and jewellery did she spend with anything like extravagance, and the inventory of her jewels... expresses the keenness of her interest. She was a woman of letters and an accomplished dancer, and in her own household, a female tumbler, and a jester, "Jane the Fool" of whom she became extremely fond.

This is hardly the familiar picture of Mary Tudor, nor the notion of her which emerges from Hans and a letter signed by the Secretary of the Hogarth Press to the *Daily Advertiser* which stated that the book had been withdrawn from the shelves. I wonder if any of our readers can throw any light on the reasons for the withdrawal.

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counterfeits) to "de-stabilize" England for political reasons; and over all there hung the devastating influence of inflation. Finally, a war undertaken in Spanish interests, as her critics believed, battered the financial machinery which the queen had at her disposal.

In personal monarchy strength and stability depend upon selecting and using a council of ministers with skill and authority. It means devolving upon them as many of the burdens of administration as possible, and using men of diverse opinions but controlling faction, and retaining their master as individual and collectively. It means having a mind of one's own but a mind which grasps and understands the nature of the political objectives and manoeuvres which are the daily concern of the men who exercise power under the crown. It has always been a man's job and only a few men had succeeded in doing it well. By common consent no woman could fulfil these functions save under the instruction and guidance of a qualified and experienced man. Mary, unlike Elizabeth, conformed to the contemporary male-conceived pattern of a woman ruler as one who should marry and follow the advice of her ministers and her husband. In short she should, under the trappings of monarchy, be a well-conditioned and popular cypher.

In her case, several things got in the way of her appointed task: the fact that she received no clear advice from her ministers, who pulled in several directions, or from her husband, who never really came to the fore; the fact that she was a woman, and never really came to the fore; the fact that she was a woman, and never really came to the fore; the fact that she was a woman, and never really came to the fore.

Loades considers that Mary's lack of judgement and confidence was a continual source of anxiety and distress to her servants, who rightly suspected her of being too easily influenced. Between a quarter and a third of her privy councillors were really superfluous, doing no noticeable good—or harm—to the government. The appointments as individuals, were deeply divided from each other and from the queen by their parts in the troubled events of the preceding decade, and Mary never succeeded in welding them into a team.

Elsewhere he tells us that her mind

was limited, conventional and obstinate; and this is a theme which flows through the book. Weakness at the top, Mary's "divided mind", as Loades calls it, undoubtedly drained the initiative and drive of some of the ablest ministers whom the century was to produce; and in dealing with the Spanish and imperial diplomat her political innocence made her putty in their hands.

That same lack of harmony, within herself and in her council, deprived the marriage of any prospects of fulfilling the high hopes of personal happiness and diplomatic achievement built upon it. It was in the strictest sense a marriage of convenience designed by politicians and diplomats concerned to strengthen the Spanish position in Europe and to neutralize French claims to the English throne through Mary, Queen of Scots. The designated groom was not enamoured of either the project or the bride but, a loyal son to the Emperor Charles V, he entered into his English marriage with a high sense of duty and a resolute determination to please him and behave in all things as befits one who is so deeply imbedded in him.

The warmth was not shared by the English and Spanish courtiers, who developed an increasing distrust and antipathy for each other, while the unpopularity of the marriage in England was echoed in Spain, though it never flared up there into a rising. Philip's entourage shrank as, making one excuse or another, the courtiers withdrew to Spain or Flanders or any haven which seemed hospitable compared with the inauspicious and inhospitable court of the queen. And finally, Philip himself followed suit. The marriage was a failure on the personal and political level. England did eventually enter the continental war on the side of Spain. It yielded England and Ireland to Philip, Mary herself saw that, on the personal level also, the marriage had failed of its purpose; and all her passion and devotion now burned feverishly through the only remaining outlet, her religion.

Loades devotes less space than is customary to religion and the martyrdom of three hundred Protestants which formed her posthumous reputation as the least loved of English monarchs, a reputation assiduously cultivated by John Foxe and his *Acts and Monuments*. This limited scale of treatment inclines the reader with the weight of its knowledge. If, among

others, it is aimed at sixth-formers or first-year undergraduates, then there is too much and too soon. Loades occasionally—by no means always—appears to forget that the craft of the writer requires the same care as the craft of the researcher. He is anxious to incorporate the maximum amount of evidence. But, under the burden of detail, the reader's interest flags and his grasp on the argument slackens.

One general question presents itself. Was the reign a failure because of certain incurable weaknesses in Mary or was there some deeper, structural fault in the system as a whole, more profound and entrenched than any failure of character and judgment by the woman on the throne? Are we not up against the recurrent problem of a government whose power does not measure up to its aims? The question of finance and taxation was, as we have seen, not solved by the ablest Lord Treasurer that sixteenth-century England produced. None of the ablest ministers of the Tudors succeeded in producing a viable and durable system. When an early seventeenth-century Lord Treasurer directed all his efforts to that consuming purpose he achieved nothing more than the destruction of his own career. Loades, however, in his conclusion, sees a measure of progress visible at the end of the reign. He argues that

Mary failed in most of the things which she set out to achieve, but failure is relative and there was a positive legacy of achievement to hand on to her successor: a legacy of sound administration, financial reform, and strengthened episcopacy. This may be too large a claim. She did pass on a working system but its strength lay in its potential ruler rather than in his achievement. Loades, however, in his conclusion, sees a measure of progress visible at the end of the reign. He argues that

Mary was the most pathetic and tragic of the Tudors. Battered as she was with these *damns et damnationes*, the English monarchy, she was without the equipment (personal, financial, administrative) necessary to carry out its appointed tasks. Henry VII, the most realistic of the Tudors, was aware of this, and he left his daughter, according to his, cloth. Mary, the least realistic of this dynasty, never quite understood what it was all about. And when, late in the day, she thought she had found personal fulfilment in her private life, the blossom withered on the tree. Blighted Mary she was, not Bloody Mary.

At the conclusion of a thorough, painstaking and in some ways illuminating survey of Mary's reign we carry away with us the feeling of respect for the results of dedicated searching into notoriously discouraging material to produce a work in such depth and detail. At its best this book is very good; its weakness is that it sometimes comes across as over-kill, inclining the reader with the weight of its knowledge. If, among

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The hand of the heraldist

By Anthony Wagner

CHARLES HASLER:
The Royal Arms
Graphic and Decorative Development
387 pp. Jupiter Books. £25.
0 904041 20 4

This book makes an important contribution to its subject, yet frustrates by its patchiness and confused arrangement. Of this Charles Hasler shows a discerning awareness in his opening words: "Until I began work on the two articles which form the nucleus of this book, I had no idea of the immense range of the subject, nor in spite of the quantity of additional material I have collected since then, I do sometimes feel that I am still virtually scratching the surface."

Mr. Hasler is a designer and typographer, and the hundreds of examples he reproduces of engraved and other renderings of the Royal Arms of the past three centuries, together with his lively and pointed explanations and comments, throw a bright and welcome light on phases of heraldic design which medievalists have not wholly without reason—too much despised. The incidental history and detail which Hasler gives of the modern pursuit, especially concerning newspaper typography, are fascinating. Praise and blame are

accorded for the most part both judiciously and discreetly. Reynolds Scott, for instance, is rightly praised and his beautiful work well represented.

Rather more might have been said of G. W. Eve and George Kruger Gray, and of the close connections both had with the medievalist heraldic scholars of their day. (Oswald Ross, whose name has been thought of as the greatest heraldic scholar, once said "I'm of Gray, I can draw with his hand".) Again, though James Woodford's *Queen's Beasts* are mentioned, nothing is said of the exhaustive research by Hugh Stanford London which went into them, or of the latter's book *Royal Beasts*, which, if Hasler had known of it, might have altered some earlier portions of his book. Christopher Treharne's decimal coinage designs etc. are mentioned, but throughout the book the coinage receives less attention than one would expect.

Through a brief reference is made to Pugin's "spectacular displays of the Royal Arms" in the Palace of Westminster, none of them is reproduced and their startling excellence is not brought out. Nor did I notice a reference to the beauty of William Morris's heraldry, both in tapestry and typography. Textile heraldry in general receives too little notice—there are, for example, some splendid Lord Chancellor's Great Seal purses.

If the medieval portion of the book had been more balanced and representative, one need not have complained that it occupies so

small a place. The series of the Great and Lesser Royal Seals would have supplied a splendid framework on which to hang the story. Sandford's *Genealogical History* (1677) gives not only Great Seal

Scriptural semantics

By David Crystal

G. B. CAIRD:
The Language and Imagery of the Bible
280pp. Duckworth. £18.
0 7156 1444 4

"This is a book by an amateur, written for amateurs," writes Deini Ireland's Professor of Exegesis of Holy Scripture in his preface. What G. B. Caird means is that no one can be master of all the professions which together define the world of biblical language studies. He is therefore content to borrow from all of them, in his concern to "set out systematically for the ordinary reader the questions he needs to ask if he is to enhance his understanding of the Bible", and in this respect he considers himself an amateur. But it is not fair of Professor Caird to use the term in this way, for if this book is the work of an amateur, it is difficult to know how to describe the efforts of those who will learn so much from it—not least, the present reviewer.

In this, its main aim, the book is undoubtedly a success, and it is the author's professionalism which makes it so. For the ordinary reader—presumably one with no formal or systematic training in biblical studies—its strength lies in its analysis of individual passages and cruxes in the Bible. Well over a thousand passages are cited, taken from the whole span of the biblical texts, and many are made the focus of detailed theological discussion. Caird has a genius for selecting the aptest example, and for drawing parallels between texts. His com-

mentary is always learned and illuminating, and never dull.

He also characterizes his book as a "text-book of elementary semantics with illustrations from the Old and New Testaments", and it is this which governs the logic of his exposition. The book is in three parts. Part One begins with a classification of types of language function (informative, cognitive, performative/casative, expressive/evaluative, cohesive), and of the uses and abuses of these notions. There follow chapters on the meaning of meaning, on changes of meaning, and on some central semantic problems (opacity, vagueness and ambiguity). This perspective is then used for a discussion of the historical background to the translations of the Septuagint.

Part Two deals with the characteristics of various types of biblical language. Caird distinguishes between literal and non-literal language, and gives a detailed classification of types of metaphor and other forms of comparative language. There is a separate chapter on anthropomorphic language, and another on the awareness the biblical writers show of the nature of the figurative language they employed. Part Three then uses this frame of reference to provide an analysis of the meanings of historical, mythological and eschatological language—myth and eschatology being seen as metaphor systems for the theological interpretation of historical events.

The various linguistic themes Caird has selected provide a convenient framework for integrating his textual observations, and they are introduced in a sufficiently general way to provide the reader with a point of departure for further

reflections of his own. But to what extent do they constitute a coherent linguistic semantics of biblical language as a whole, such as one might expect from a book claiming to be a textbook in elementary semantics? In this respect, *The Language and Imagery of the Bible* is less convincing, partly because of a certain arbitrariness in its classifications, partly because of serious limitations in Caird's conception of semantics.

The arbitrariness is perhaps an effect of Caird's own style. He likes to start each section with an organizational summary; these have the merit of telling the reader exactly which road the author proposes to travel, but the demerit of not allowing him to ask why he must travel it. An example: "The reasons why ambiguity may be unresolved are of three kinds, accidental, historical and deliberate" (page 102); the latter "we may classify as oracular, ironic, paradoxical, exploratory and associative" (page 103). Similarly, there are five uses of language (cf. above), three kinds of transparency (phonetic, morphological and contextual), three kinds of vagueness (generalization, indeterminacy and comparison), four possible points of comparison (perceptual, synaesthetic, affective and pragmatic), and so on. Such classifications are introduced early on in their respective sections, with little or no discussion or qualification, and no reference to the relevant literature. The problem is not that these terms are intrinsically unclear—Caird's illustrative material always makes it easy to see what he means by a category, rather it is the suspicion that other things have not been said—that there are other distinctions to be drawn, other categories to be recognized, and points of overlap between the listed categories to be noted.

This suspicion comes, essentially, from knowing the way things have gone recently in semantics, stylistics and other related disciplines. There are many more factors to be taken into account now than earlier studies of meaning suggested. It is just not possible, for example, without proper defence, to reduce the enormous range of language uses to five; and several of the uses Caird proposes pose major theoretical problems of their own. Similarly, one could point to recent discussions of ambiguity and vagueness in semantics, or to attempts to make empirical sense out of speech-act theory. There is also much potential in such notions as structuralist, presupposition and connotation, for the analysis of biblical language. But Caird makes no mention of any of this recent thinking. Indeed, his framework is grounded in the era of Ogden and Richards, and there are no contemporary references. Several of his classifications thus seem over-simple.

A similar problem arises when he uses more general linguistic notions. Caird sometimes refers to the approach of the "modern linguists", but his occasional references to recent linguistic ideas are shaky: e.g. the apparent equation of idiosyncrasy and lexis, or his characterization of structuralist linguists as being those who believe in a universal deep structure. These are minor points, which do not affect the substance of his argument. Rather more serious is his persistent use of a distinction between language and speech which I find quite unclear: "the public meaning which is characteristic of language... [and] consists of words (along with the methods which binds them together)" is opposed to "the user's meaning which is characteristic of speech" (which) consists of sentences". Apart from the cases where the distinction between public and private

meanings is clear-cut, I cannot see what is meant by drawing the distinction. In this way, Caird's interpretations are possibly not so clear-cut as he claims. Caird's protection of it is all the more valuable for that: he favours attitudes and "anti-faraway" views which, far from being nostalgic, enshrine the life and traditions of a culture which created him and which he in turn honors by recreating. In "To Robert Fergusson" he addresses "my nin town's makar" thus:

Fergusson, the two-hunter year, awa, your image is mair clear nor monie things that you appear in braid daylight.

There is another sense in which a reading of these *Collected Poems* is "recreation": Garloch is one of the funniest poets writing in Scots, or English. In "Elegy" there is a dedication to two heads, and a dedication to two heads (scholarship) one of whom "telt me it was time I leant to write—round haund, he meant—and saw about my hair", and who if "they aenid deit, it's time they were deit". "Neuro-Cautious" (sic) tells of the sensation caused in the Athens of the North when "I kicked an Edinburgh duff-lugger's duff-loose; I tried; my timing was ower late."

Edinburgh, the two-faced, "two-toned" city of Deacon Brodie, is the object of both Garloch's love and scorn. No review can do justice to the range of his wit and craft contained in these satires, lyrics, translations and narratives going back over forty years. The collection, now in paperback, contains useful notes and a comprehensively glossary (more chronological information, however, would have been welcome) and should at last gain the auld makar some of the recognition he deserves.

Robin Fulton, if not exactly the opposite of Garloch, at least represents an aspect of the Scottish soul which is about as far from his as it is possible to be. He is a man of letters, where Garloch is a body and soul, Fulton is mind and spirit. The poems strive for clarity, but although they retreat further and further back from physical reality—The more you pare the fatter it becomes—they never lose sight of the simple, the everyday, the human. The poems are full of imagery, but only occasionally does the imagery have the lucidity which allows it to transcend its own mystery and reveal the meaning of the world. "In the night, you laid, unaltered stanes" (the joys of the solid earth over death).

The language and the canny mind are not mere regional glimmers. Garloch's poetry contains not only the roughly brilliant cadence, but, more important, his Scots

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POETRY

Lauching at daith

By James Campbell

ROBERT GARLOCH:
Collected Poems
205pp. Curran. £3.95.
0 85635 316 7

ROBIN FULTON:
Selected Poems 1963-1978
319pp. Macdonald. £3.95.
0 904265 24 2

Robert Garloch is, by his own admission, daft but no donkey. It is a pity he is not a poet, for he is apparently a wee-bit light in the head, but certainly not stupid. If at poetry readings Garloch displays a charming naivety, on the other hand, he is one of the daftest men around. The daftness is a part of his style: a survival tactic in a world which has turned "agen natur". Every poem supports the invisible prefix: "Mebbe Ah'm daft, but..." And at a certain point the daftness becomes clear, in this section, which occurs in the mind of "yer auld makar, Garloch". It could be anything from a belief that we should be venerating "hame-made meale puddens" to the vital assertion contained in these lines from "Chastities":

O, ma sannie frow,
whit the flesh be bruckle and
the fluids be sleek,
the joys of the sullen earth we'll prece
or they dwine,
we'll lauch at daith and mair,
and the fiend, as three,
afure we dee.

Garloch writes in English and Scots, but although the poems in the former tongue are not to be dismissed, it is in Scots that he does his real work. Unlike those of many of Scotland's newly belated poets (Scots is in fashion), Garloch's poems are built out of spoken Scots, or what the ear recalls and the tongue retains of it. His verse abounds with colloquialism, punning, with seeming effortless ease, into strong lines. "Sister, peechan and swelton, disjaskit, forfeuchan and broun'd aff, sat on the heather a hunkawhale, houpan the boss didn't spy him." This use of language is fitting since Garloch's very poem is generated by the urge to assert the "fiddle" (marvels) of nature over the "woll-laid, unaltered stanes" (the joys of the solid earth over death).

The language and the canny mind are not mere regional glimmers. Garloch's poetry contains not only the roughly brilliant cadence, but, more important, his Scots

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An island and its noises

By Vicki Feaver

DEREK WALCOTT:
The Star-Apple Kingdom
58pp. Cape. £2.50.
0 224 01780 2

DEREK STANFORD:
The Traveller Hears the Strange Machine
60pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £3.
0 283 98595 X

The temptation for West Indian writers, discouraged by meagre opportunities at home, has been to pack their notebooks and head for the literary streets of America or Europe. Derek Walcott is unusual in that he stayed. Born in St Lucia he now lives and works as director of the Theatre Workshop in Trinidad. "They'll keep on asking, why did you remain?" he wrote in his poem "He Jacet" from *The Gulf* (1969). His answer, to "those who hiss, like steam, of exile", that "I sought more power than you, more fame than yours" has been vindicated by the quality of his work and its reputation. D. J. Enright included him in his recent *Oxford Book of Contemporary Verse* and Robert Graves has gone as far as to state that he "handles English with a deeper understanding of its inner magic than most (if not all) of his English-born contemporaries".

The Star-Apple Kingdom, Walcott's latest collection, is framed by two long blank verse poems that go a good way towards substantiating Graves's claim—despite the fact that the opening poem, "The Schooner Flight", is written in what amounts to a bombastic Caribbean speech. Through the eyes of his sailor-poet narrator Walcott is able to look afresh at the subjects which have consistently concerned him: his mixed blood ("I have Dutch, neger, and English in me, and either I'm mad or I'm sane"), his anger at the past ("Progress is history's dirty joke. Ask that sad green island getting nearer"), and his belief in the power of poetry ("All you fate

in my hand, ministers, businessmen, Shabine have you, broad, I shut scatter your lives like a handful of sand. I who have no weapon but poetry and the lances of palms and the sea's shining shield!"). Walcott has mixed patois and literary language before, but never to such poetic effect. Sex, politics, history, dreams, visions are the mind that drives the sails of "The Schooner Flight".

Walcott has a trick of West-Indianizing even the most literary material. In "Egypt, Tolugo", for instance, a Caribbean-style Antony lies inert beside a Cleopatra who seems to represent the region's attraction for Walcott himself. The poet who had "yielded quietly his knowledge of the world to a grey tub steaming with clouds of seraphim" ("He Jacet") sets right, under the skin of the general who exchanged an empire for her beads of sweat,

the upstart of arenas,
the changing sort
of senators, for
this silent ceiling over silent sand...
Similarly in "Forest of Europe"—written for Joseph Brodsky exiled in America ("one man living with English in a room") and celebrating the "divine fever" of Osip Mandelstam ("a fire whose glow warms our hands, Joseph")—Walcott relates the Russian experience to his own:

The tourist archipelagoes of my South
are prisons too, corruptible, and though there is no harder prison than writing verse,
what's poetry, if it is worth its salt, but a phrase men can pass from hand to mouth?

The final poem, "The Star-Apple Kingdom", returns to a theme begun in Walcott's first book, *The Green View* (1962) with "Ruins of a Great House". This earlier poem bears the same relation to the new one as a painter's initial sketch to his final grandly conceived masterpiece. Both poems begin with a picture of the Caribbean, but in the new one, the ancient pastoral in both the poet's "ancient is replaced by understanding and compassion. To compare the two poems is to recognize Walcott's development not only in terms

of technique but also in breadth of vision. *The Star-Apple Kingdom* is the real thing: poetry that makes the hair rise.

When Walcott's Shabine sailor has his poems snatched from him and jeered at, it doesn't seem unnatural for him to react by throwing his knife into his comrade's plump cull. Besides, no real damage is done: "There wasn't much pain, just plenty blood... but none of them go fuck with my poetry again". When, on the other hand, a stiff upper-lipped English poet resorts to violence in the defence of his art the effect is more shocking, especially when he's aged five and hurling an old bricklayer's hat at his mother's head. This is precisely the incident Derek Stanford describes in "The Tower", one of his poems included in *The Traveller Hears the Strange Machine*.

The tower in question is a miniature Babel, constructed by the infant poet, innocently enough, out of mud. He is in his element until the grown-ups interfere: "Precipitately in upon the scene, while currant bushes dozed within a haze of shimmery blue silica, strode my mother."

My haud, which stirred a bucketful of mud, with a red rusty meat-sawer hung arrested.

What sort of mess was this that I was making?—
"The tower" and another poem based on a childhood memory, "The antrium", tread dangerously close to the edge of embarrassment but they are honest attempts to transcribe real experiences and as such they are moving. Some of Stanford's current poems—evocations of dream states and strange delirations of consciousness—are less convincing. His strong visual sense too often leads him to rely on heightened descriptions of landscape, mere assemblages of poetic sensation.

With the exception of a few snarler later poems, "Definition" for example ("Love is a form of silence; your hard-edged cruel, self-consciousness erased away"), among all Stanford's poetry is marked by its intrusive 19th-century jangle rhythm which forces his language into stilted archaisms.

Surviving symbols

By Simon Tugwell

DAVID MARTIN:
The Breaking of the Image
A Sociology of Christian Theory and Practice
224pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £8.95.
0 631 11041 0

This is an engaging book, often reminiscent, in style and content, of the essays of G. K. Chesterton; but it is more than a collection of essays. It is a sociology of Christian theory and practice. I do not wish to impugn David Martin's credentials as a sociologist, and it is evident that this book is the product of a sociologist's mind; but, however much the author wishes to hide behind the mantle of science, in this book he is playing the prophet, not the sociologist. To take his own account of one of the chapters, "It is a bold opinion, glossed by science, that the religious opinion in question turned out to be more or less an apologetics for Christianity and Aristotelianism."

There is, to be sure, a sociological undercurrent in what the author offers as a theory of social change as the background to an exploration of the working of certain symbols. There is, he suggests, an inevitable

ambiguity in the way in which symbols of transcendence work in practice. There is no such thing as the "overly radical idea". Transcendence, for example, is both movement and static; unity, logos, universalism and division. In an attractively Heraclitean way, Martin shows how the symbols of change in Christianity, Islam and Marxism must commandeer the symbols of what they oppose if they are to survive and have power. Though this leads to an appearance of compromise, the result can be that the symbols of change become embedded in society like time-bombs waiting to be detonated.

For example, the image of the martyr has so impregnated our society that now "establishment must try to expropriate the bank of virtue to which martyrdom has made such a major contribution to justify itself by reference to groups who were not themselves authority or party to wealth and status". This sociological framework is used to suggest why Christianity, Islam and Marxism have been successful. Christianity, developed a hierarchy of God's kingdom, were expressed in particular ways, and why the freedom of God's children was asserted by way of rules and institutions.

The framework is certainly used suggestively, but a genuine sociology of Christian practice would require more precise use of evidence. The discussion often suffers from vagueness about what it refers to. Martin muses on the oddness of "religious thinking" without ever admitting to the diversity of religious thought; he seems to assume that the same sociological analysis can do for all forms of monotheism and sectarianism. He discusses the "tabooed natural affections" required, paradoxically, to safeguard the freedom of the sons of God, without ever documenting actual Christian attitudes to natural affections (which natural affections, after all, are to be counted as "natural affections"). He comments on the "tabooed natural affections" without ever admitting to the diversity of religious thought; he seems to assume that the same sociological analysis can do for all forms of monotheism and sectarianism. He discusses the "tabooed natural affections" required, paradoxically, to safeguard the freedom of the sons of God, without ever documenting actual Christian attitudes to natural affections (which natural affections, after all, are to be counted as "natural affections").

of church music due to the will of the people or to a new kind of clericalism? Instead of analysing any such question, Martin just brooms grumpily on the "reformers' insensitivity."

As for Christian theory, that hardly comes into the book at all. At the risk of being tedious, among the "priestly intellectuals" who "try to fit poetic images into an alien frame of ordinary Aristotelian logic", I must plead that Christian language does not just contain poetic images and paradoxes, it also contains attempts to offer reasonably intelligible accounts of

Christian belief. And one element in such accounts which is notably lacking in Martin's discussion is the idea of creation. But it is precisely this notion which holds together the validation of the given and the eschatological challenge to it, which remains, for Martin, simply an unsolved paradox. Creation and the related concept of providence also provide the missing link between natural social religion and faith.

As a sociology of Christian theory and practice, then, this book is inadequate. But as a meditation on Christian symbols it is delightful,

its way of springing unexpected if partial justifications of its example, boredom in church, being by rote, the sacralisation of war, into strong lines. "Sister, peechan and swelton, disjaskit, forfeuchan and broun'd aff, sat on the heather a hunkawhale, houpan the boss didn't spy him." This use of language is fitting since Garloch's very poem is generated by the urge to assert the "fiddle" (marvels) of nature over the "woll-laid, unaltered stanes" (the joys of the solid earth over death).

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Thin-line theism

By Don Cupitt

JOHN HICK:
God Has Many Names
Britain's New Religious Pluralism
117pp. Macmillan. £7.95 (paperback £2.95).
0 333 27747 3

John Hick is the platonic ideal of the liberal theologian who believes in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He is sweet reasonableness incarnate, so clear and plain that he contrives to be both a leading (perhaps indeed the leading) philosopher of religion, and also the theologian one first recommends to beginners because he cannot fail to be understood.

A price has to be paid for such placid simplicity. Kierkegaard has held that religious truth cannot be packaged and communicated directly, but must be brought about in the learner by the use of a battery of rhetorical devices. Judged by that standard, Hick has no disadvantages. He makes little use of humour, irony and the other tools of indirect communication. But if his straightforwardness and honesty can at times make him seem pedestrian, nevertheless you do always know him, and that is a great merit. He is at least among theologians, cannot possibly be charged with being disingenuous in outlandish jargon.

Equally unfair to him would be any suggestion that he lives in an ivory tower. On the contrary, he believes what the man in the street believes and is at the same time one of the most socially committed of theologians. This new book, *God Has Many Names*, is only a small collection of his essays, most of which specialists will not have read elsewhere, but it is about a topic of great public importance, namely the fact that Britain is now allegedly the most pluralistic of all advanced countries, having substantial communities of Christians, Jews, Muslims, Sikhs and Hindus. Several of these communities are themselves further subdivided, the Christians for example including Catholics, Anglicans, mainline Free Churchmen, and many Pentecostal and other smaller groups. In addition, the diligent seeker can find in modern Britain groups representative of almost every imaginable religious and para-religious movement. This great diversity of religious beliefs, obvious theoretical problems, but John Hick's concern this past dozen years has been to show that these various religious communities are merely theoretical. He has been personally active in the so-called "interfaith" field in pioneer, remarkable multi-faith organizations and ways of talking about religious issues.

Underlying this activity is a set of convictions. First outlined some years ago in a well-known essay called "God and the Universe of Faith", in the "axial period" (roughly from Moses to Muhammad) when the major world faiths and cultural traditions were established, communications were poor. Each major faith tended to become a complete world of its own, believing in its own righteousness and its own truth, and not merely sufficient

but finally and exclusively authoritative.

Today, however, the world has come a communicational unity. The religions need not and will not go so far as to amalgamate, but the will have to see that their exclusive claims are merely mythological, and to accept that there are many other possible ways of symbolizing the transcendent, divine Reality about which they all revolve. Mutual tolerance and proselytizing must be placed to dialogue and cross-fertilization, as indeed is already happening.

The ideas are developed a little further in this book, though without any major innovations, and some questions still remain. As a liberal Protestant, Hick is an avowed atheist. He believes in worshiping God, but also believes in the standard of moral perfection, and he does not talk much about Buddhism. He has little to say to those who find peace in passionlessness, or who, as Hick realizes, have varied and how human religion is the thing. His God must surely become, when everything said of God is seen as highly variable, symbolical and culturally conditioned, nearly a religious language ceases actually to describe God. It becomes a metaphor, not a metaphysical description. God becomes an "empty" word, like substance in Locke's philosophy, on the point of vanishing altogether. Why not take one more step and say that religion is wholly human and that religious practices and values must be chosen and followed for their own sake, and not for any religious or moral reason? Like pointing to the stars, religion is not obliged to be about anything other than itself.

This week in the Times Educational Supplement

Bryan Robertson on Wyndham Lewis
John Russell Taylor on Christopher Isherwood
Neil Philip on folklore
W.D. Wells on adolescence
Adam Hopkin on Cardiff's Gypsy school

A Reply to Donald Davie